

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE

MISTRESS

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EDITION

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THE
MISTRESS
OF
MAKE-UP

ADULTS ONLY

MISTRESS

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE

IN THIS ISSUE



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An exclusive, first-hand look at Hollywood's most amazing transformation

MISTRESS OF MAD MAKEUP



The setting was the annual Artists and Models Ball in Hollywood, the mood was madness, and the costumes were the wildest, most imaginative apparel (or lack of it) ever devised by man. This exclusive photo story, shot especially for this publication, takes you behind the scenes for a rare look at a lovely young girl being made up in preparation for the big Ball. Our subject is well-endowed Sue Langton, and her costume was the brainchild of the photographer.

The makeup job is ingenious, as you can readily perceive, but then he had some great raw material to work with. Sue, a figure model of no little repute, was a little reluctant at first to go along with the gag. She had no inhibitions about appearing in the altogether in front of hundreds of discerning males (after all, her lush curves had been viewed by millions of eyes), but she balked a bit at the makeup and other accompanying gadgetry. She was afraid that such bizarre frills would distort her lush proportions, and, as a consequence, damage her reputation. But, as we said, she went along with it. And she wasn't sorry.







The makeup man, well known in the Hollywood film citadels, first began by applying a small amount of body makeup as a base for what was to come. Then, beginning at the top and working southward, he launched the arduous task of turning pretty Sue into something entirely different. When it came to the eyes (the painted-on eyes, that is) he used a great deal of care, for he was working in a sensitive area. During this procedure, Sue giggled





and squirmed until the makeup man told her to think of something far away and delicious. She apparently did, for a wistful smile crossed her face, quickly followed by a smug, satisfied look.

Then the makeup man headed farther southward, applying his magic with quick, deft strokes of his brush. Soon his creation began to take form. Sue, growing impatient with the long time it was taking for the transformation, closed her eyes and her mind drifted off to some never-never land. The makeup man, intrigued by what must have been some fascinating thoughts in this young lady's head, stopped long enough to ask her what she was thinking. "Tell you what," she smiled. "When you're finished with this job, and the Ball is over, we'll talk about it over something tall and cold."



The makeup man was visibly shaken by this offer, but managed to continue his work. At last he was finished, and as he stood back to admire his creation, Sue gasped. She looked down and saw that she had been transformed into something that she couldn't believe was her—or part of her. She wondered aloud if people would laugh, or cry, or just what their reaction would be.



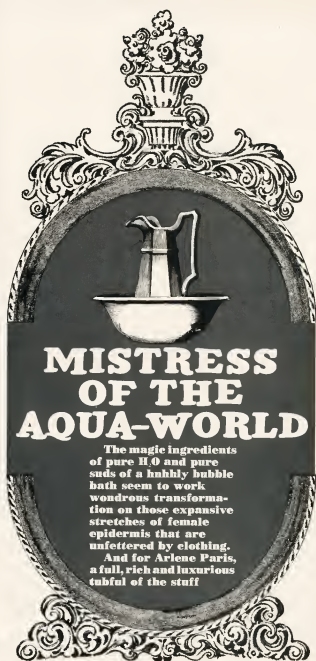




She needn't have worried, for the story had a happy ending. The competition was stiff at the Ball, and there were many other wild costumes on other well-endowed young ladies. But when Sue made her grand entrance, a hush fell over the crowd and over the judges. One man in the audience stood up and started howling like a dog.

But it was obvious from the start who the winner would be. Sue made one pass in front of the judges, and they nodded in unanimous agreement. Sue won First Prize — hands down.





MISTRESS OF THE AQUA-WORLD

The magic ingredients
of pure H₂O and pure
suds of a hubbly bubble
bath seem to work
wondrous transformation
on those expansive
stretches of female
epidermis that are
unfettered by clothing.
And for Arlene Paris,
a full, rich and luxurious
tubful of the stuff

She's a carefree water nymph, a symbol of the sea





proves most gratifying. Arlene is a stickler for cleanliness . . . she firmly believes in taking no less than three baths a day, and prefers spending her entire day lounging in the absorbing rays of the sun, then soaking in her cool, refreshing bath. She may keep her beaux waiting a bit while she applies the soft fragrance of her perfumes, colognes and powders to her already fragrant curves, but she consoles those special few by allowing them to draw her bath and other such privileges. Arlene





feels that letting her dates take part in her preparation for the evening makes the time go faster, and makes them feel more useful.

And then — out of the tub. Comes the drying

process, an eye-filling spectacle, especially in the afternoon, when she extends herself skyward, lets the sun's rays soak up the glistening drops of moisture.

Arlene is composed of a variety of beautifully structured elements, all interacting, all contributing to an integrated whole. In her empty yard, away from the prying eyes of a







curiosity-seeking civilization, Arlene is likely to shed her clothing and lay naked on the soft, moist grass with carefree abandon. She is a free and restless creature, though far from simple; her complex needs can only be answered by a man whose emotional range can perceive the passion that seethes beneath a tranquil surface. . . . The passion, the love that calls out to the sun from every pore of her luxurious body.

Arlene's love is water in all forms. . . . And along the tide-swept restless shores of the Pacific Ocean, life is free and simple and far from static. That's why the ocean is one of Arlene's favorite places, for it epitomizes the philosophy she's embraced all her life.





After basking in the delightful heat of the sun, Arlene is wont to plunge headlong into the dark waters, only to emerge moments later, like some lovely, legendary mermaid with a full complement of well-shaped limbs. The few times that Arlene is able to fully enjoy her romps at the ocean, she becomes a carefree water nymph that symbolizes the sea and holds the sea as her symbol. She and the sea (and the bathtub) are one...





Billy Marshall has gone through her young life with a drastically visible handicap: she has a boy's name. It seems her parents wanted a boy, and when it was clear that their wish had not come true, they decided to give this kittenish all-woman the

boyish all-male name that has stuck with her throughout the formative and informative years. Consequently, Billy has had to persevere in an effort to overcome the stigma.

A kittenish coquette with bountiful assets (36-23-34), her

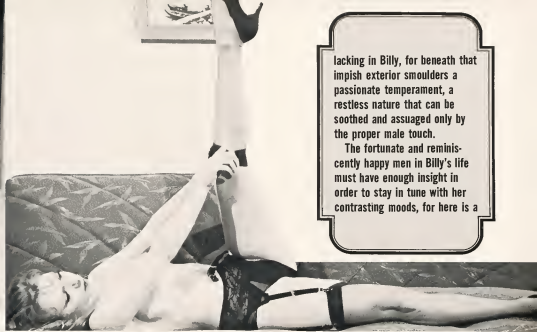
efforts have been an overwhelming success. Today, she's every inch the woman by any measure, yet she still retains the playful, boyish instincts she acquired as a child. Do not think for one moment that this implies that the feminine traits are

Ironically given a boy's name, she's spent a lifetime making up for it

**ALL-
WOMAN**



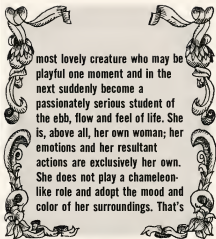
TOMBOY



lacking in Billy, for beneath that impish exterior smoulders a passionate temperament, a restless nature that can be soothed and assuaged only by the proper male touch.

The fortunate and reminiscently happy men in Billy's life must have enough insight in order to stay in tune with her contrasting moods, for here is a





most lovely creature who may be playful one moment and in the next suddenly become a passionately serious student of the ebb, flow and feel of life. She is, above all, her own woman; her emotions and her resultant actions are exclusively her own. She does not play a chameleon-like role and adopt the mood and color of her surroundings. That's







where the man's task enters the picture, to assimilate the spectrum of vibrations she sends out, then to carefully adjust his own mood to hers.

If this all seems like a cumbersome and too difficult route to follow to simply win the heart of our lady fair, believe us

when we tell you that it's worth the effort.

An emotional harmony with Billy reaps great and illustrious rewards.

And you needn't worry about that facade of hers — the boy's name, that tomboy manner — it's all a front!







According to bountiful Bonny Leman, the answer is a definite...yes!



Is it true what they say about blondes? And there's lots that they say about blondes.... Then Bonny Leman has got to be the epitome of affirmative answers to that saucy question — the epitome of what comprises the famous blonde mystique.

Now, let us explore the psychodynamics of this sensational crea-



ture called a blonde. She is composed of the same essential body parts as any extraordinary woman, so that physiological factors can be disregarded. The possession of a blonde head of hair seems to speak for itself in the endowment of its owner with a very definite capacity for having fun, for getting much

more out of life. The blonde bombshell, Bonny being the perfect example, tends to be more liberal in her outlook and in her interpretation of fun.



We ask ourselves, at this point — what is the source, the basis of this mental chemistry that beckons the blonde toward the threshold of life, through which she skips and dances blithely, while she savors its sweet



juices, intoxicates herself with its sweet scents, and loves each enjoyable experience to the fullest? The answer, my friends, might well be supplied by the philosophers, the psychologists, the social scientists who specialize in such heady matters. OR, perhaps the answer, the true one we are looking for might be supplied by **Bonny** herself, who, as we mentioned earlier, symbolized the blonde image.





Bonny is an unsurpassed work of art who seems to have been pieced together from finely tooled component parts. Mathematically speaking, she measures 38-26-36 and

packs 110 pounds into her willowy five-six frame.

Our cute-as-a-hunny Bonny has all the emotional attributes, as well as the physical qualifications, to





measure up as The Blonde. There's nothing better than having fun. Bonny tells us, especially with a gentleman with desires and tendencies similar to her own. Bubbling Bonny is a firm believer in freedom of expression, and is articulate beyond reproach when talking the language of love.... And *that's* her favorite language!



Winsome Winnie has captivated girl-lovers on two continents

MODEL OF PERFECTION

In the highly competitive world of modeling, especially in the international circles, it takes a set of outstanding natural attributes to keep a girl constantly in the public eye. Winny Frickers, a native of London, is not only in the public eye as a famous model, but finds herself the target of the male eye wherever she happens to be on the boulevards of the Continent.

Winny's widespread fame and vast eye-appeal are due to the obvious, as a cursory glance at the pictorial display of her more-than-abundant charms do reveal. (A closer look at her eye-



filling form is recommended and approved, however.) Alluring, willowy Winny divides her modeling time between Paris and

London—a tale of two cities best told with rich and lavish description of Winny's sensual contours and just plain good old sexual appeal emanating there-with. . .

Winny's most noteworthy and



famous work was in Paris, the city more openly preoccupied with the female form than is



London. Her time, as well as her lush figure are constantly in demand, as Winny poses for high fashion layouts or in the buff for Paris' toney men's magazines.

And in London, the city which recently has enjoyed new-found overt sexual liberties, Winny is a much yearned for and sought







after subject for British photographers and those who profess to be British photographers!). It should be noted, however, that her talents are not limited to her sensual performances before the camera. Winny is an expert equestrienne, and takes



long, joyful rides through the rolling hills of greenery outside of London. She is also a dancer of above-average ability (her lithe body is most compatible with the swim, twist – and you name it!), and for arty diversion, Winny strums a mean guitar and occasionally dabbles oils on a canvas.

A whole lot of ultra-femininity in one compact package—that's Winny Frickers, who your editors herewith present as our contribution to Anglo-American relations!







BOUNCING BEAUTY WITH A BRAIN



Just because she's got a brain, don't discount her feminine traits!



You may belong to the group which insists that women are classified...if so, then, you might classify Maureen Baron as an intellectual. But don't make the grave mistake of ruling out any of the usual feminine traits for her just because she was gifted with a brain of extra-large size. As a matter of fact, Mo, as she prefers to be called, has tried all her life, to over-compensate for the fact that she is more intelligent than most people.

The first signs of her genius produced themselves when she was still very young. At the age of five, Mo was reading books normally reserved for fourth graders. By the time she turned eleven, she was graduating grammar school, after having skipped two grades. Then at the age of fifteen she had graduated high school and was ready to enter college.

This accelerated education has proved a handicap to Mo. When asked how her life was, how she adjusted to this genius, she replied: "I was always ahead of myself, two or three years, and consequently I found myself running around with an older crowd and boys demanded that I act according to my grade level, not my chronological age. So I had to grow up fast...mentally, physically and emotionally."

By the age of eighteen, Mo had already graduated college and held several academic honors. It was in college that she truly blossomed as a woman, and a number of fraternities on the Western campus where she attended awarded her countless honors in her specialty of non-academic departments. Mo pursued her studies even after graduation, and in no time earned a Master's degree in ancient and medieval Russian history, then went on to obtain her Ph.D. in Anatomy and Biological Studies.

We might find ourselves asking just what this luscious brain has done with her studies. And in







answer we find that most of her education has come from outside the classrooms, and this learning process has been the more pleasant of the two, she claims.

Of all Mo's pursuits, her favorite is men — which discredits those who would stigmatize her with an intellectual image. She tries exceedingly hard to conceal her huge supply of stored knowledge when she goes out on a date, but oftentimes finds this difficult. Because some men have a tendency to flaunt their intelligence at women, Mo often rebels against this and calls upon her intellectual reserve.

"I don't care for this approach at all," she commented. "And





when I see it coming, I call the conversation to a halt and suggest that we get down to basics. Although this is often shocking to my companion, the initial shock wears off and he gets used to the idea," she says, with a gay toss of her long, black curls.

Getting right down to bare figures, Mo is all woman in that particular department, measuring a heady 36-25-37. Her mental assets are readily forgotten when taking stock of her physical assets, and Maureen, needless to say, is grateful for this. After all, she says, how many men take out a girl for her brains?



